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Æsop at Weſtminſter;

OR,

A Tale of the Jack-Daws.

A *Cook*, who once, had for his Gueſt,
Prepar'd a great and noble Feaſt:
Conſiſting (not to Name each Diſh)
Of *Pyes*, and *Puddings*, *Fowls* and *Fiſh*;
Ragoo's, and *Dainties*, Boil'd and Roaſt,
To Treat 'em (at the Publick Coſt.)
But that's not much, Sirs, to the purpoſe,
I think to tell you of the Stir firſt:
Which from their private Clamour roſe,
'Tis well they did'nt fall to Blows:)
For now, as they already ſtood,
The Dreſſer on, in reaking Mood;
Juſt fit to be ſerv'd up to Table,
There ſuddenly aroſe a Squabble.
Each for Precedence held Conteſt,
Which as the antient'ſt Diſh and Beſt.

Plumb-Pudding with the *Plain* fell out,
And for his Birth-right ſtood up ſtout;
He ſaid he was more Fam'd than he,
And claim'd his antient Dignity.
The *Beef* and *Carrots* that ſtood next,
Was with his Neighbour's *Mutton* vext.

To think he durſt aſpire ſo high,
With him to vye Precedency:
I am, as 'tis well known, ſays he,
The Type of Hoſpitality.
In antient Rolls preferr'd I've ſtood,
E'er ſince the Days of *Noah's* Flood:
Whilſt nobleſt Feaſts I ſtill do grace,
And for the *King of Diſhes* paſs.
Calves-Head and Bacon, ſaid he knew,
Some that deſerv'd Precedence too:
And in moſt humble ſort explain'd,
When he the Prince of Diſhes reign'd:
Hoping again to have his Station,
For that ſome learned Cook's o'th' Nation,
Wou'd tak't into Conſideration.
At which *Scotch Scollops* 'gain to Jump,
And whiſper'd to his Neighbour *Rump*;
Say'ng ſome ſuch Thing indeed may be,
If Beef and Pudding diſagree,
'Twill make good Times for you and me.
Ragou's, and *Frigaſies*, to Words,
Fell with the *Snipes* and other Birds;
The Woodcock, Partridge, Duck and Teal,
The Lamb and Veniſon, with the Veal.
May; this dang'rous Tumult went yet farther,
The Tarts and Cheeſcakes in the Larder;
The Jellies, Sweetmeats, Cuſtard, Flawn,
Were by this time at *Daggers Drawn.*
So that it ſeem'd to Men of Sence,
To be of dan'rous Conſequence.
The *Cook* by this Time coming in,
Both Fire-hot, and with the Spleen,
Did to theſe Mutineers begin.

Are you not all d——d Fools, ſays he,
Wrangle thus and diſagree:
Nothing, ſo to make a Splutter.

And

And you must all be serv'd to th' Board,
That who goes first, or's first devour'd,
Does hardly signifie a T——d;
Only that Custom, (which I try will)
May be preserv'd, 't shall be as I will.
But first I'll tell ye, Sirs, a Story,
Agreeing with the Case before me.

The Tale of the *Jack-Daws.*

When Birds and Beasts, as I have heard,
Fell out, and on each other War'd:
That dubious 'twas with which to Side,
But wisely to run with the Tide.
Jack-Daw, *who built on Steeples top*
His Nest, and there had been brought up:
Once perch'd upon the Pinnacle,
And there to Preaching went Pell-Mell:
To the whole Parish loudly calling,
as if the Steeple had been falling.
At which the Vestry being rais'd,
Some curs'd the Jack-Daw, *others prais'd.*
And while they were debating, how
To punish him by course of Law;
His cawing Brethren gather'd sound,
As if they wou'd to Battle sound;
And bid them touch him for their Ears,
They ought to try him by his P——s.
For that it being Ecclesiastick,
They thought themselves were for the Case fit.
A late Church-warden too, who bore
The Daw, *a kindness heretofore,*
Mov'd one sage Point, which if adher'd to,
And brought him off both fair and clear to:
But all in vain they call'd 'em Fools,
Nor wou'd depart from ancient Rules.
From whence I do this Inference draw,
I'll make my Will here pass for Law:

So calling to the Waiters, they
E'en serv'd 'em up the ancient way.

MORAL.

THus each might his own Merit boast,
But 'twas the Cook that rul'd the Roast.
When Fools falls out they know not why,
And higher than their Reason fly:
Pretend for Rules to give their Sense,
Of Doctrine, and of Governments.
'Tis just as wise as when the Meat,
Which then was going to be Eat,
Began to Mutiny and Prate.
When all they said, to take the whole,
The Cook did one Breath controul.
So they who dare the H—— upbraid,
And blame 'em for Impeachments laid:
Prescribe 'em Methods to Chastise,
In ev'ry Point are just as Wise,
And for the Burthen of their Songs,
Might e'en as well too hold their Tongues.

FINIS.